

WINCHESTER DAILY BULLETIN.

"THE WILL OF A PEOPLE RESOLVED TO BE FREE IS LITTLE LESS THAN OMNIPOTENT."

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The Daily Bulletin.

W. J. SLATTER, Proprietor.

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One Dollar per Month.

Notice to Subscribers.

When you find \times before your name on your paper, please renew your subscription, as it is a notice that the time for which it has been paid will expire in a few days.

A very limited space in the Daily Bulletin will be allowed for advertisements. Terms, \$1 for each square, 1st insertion; 50cts for each subsequent insertion.

Articles of much length, intended for publication, must be handed in in the forenoon to insure publication next day.

Obituaries, Tributes of Respect, and Funeral Invitations charged as advertisements, but marriages and deaths published as news.

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ARMY CORRESPONDENCE.

CAMP 17TH TENN. REGIMENT,
TULLAHOMA, Feb. 22d, '63.

MR. EDITOR: Every breeze that comes from the North-west, bears upon it the cheering intelligence that a mighty revolution is working in the minds of that people. At last the wicked designs of the Lincoln Administration are fully comprehended. Instead of a war for the Union, they now behold one waged through malice and ambition, for emancipation, subjugation and the equality of the races—and a justly indignant people are now crying out for a cessation of the unholy strife.

For us this is glorious news. We never sought for war. We preferred, in peace, to develop the great resources of our country. We had no military aspirations to gratify—no hatred to avenge; but when forced through self defense, to exchange the prospects and the pleasures of civil life for those of war, we did it with a determination never to abandon the contest until a Southern Republic was established. We have suffered much. Thousands of our best citizens have perished upon the ensanguined battle field in defense of our cause.

Many homes have been desolated—society has been disorganized. Thus it is not surprising that we look with anxious solicitude to the peace movements now in progress in the North-west. To them we must look for a cessation of hostilities. Our duty consists in strenuously maintaining principles for which we have all along contended, and leave it to the enemy to discover their justness and concede them to us. In the meantime while these troubles are arising in the camps of the enemy, let us not be idle, but do every thing in our power to increase our confusion. Let every energy be put forth to hold the territory now within our lines. To this end let all our available force be brought into the field. Let our armies be thoroughly drilled and disciplined—entrust its commands to our ablest commanders—that if an advance is attempted it may be repelled, and before the season of Autumn our designs will be accomplished and our brave soldiers return in security to the peaceful enjoyment of their homes, protected by our wisely adjusted government.

F.

We longed for Fresh Oysters yesterday the snow-flakes softly glistened in the sun, but it didn't do us any good—they not to be had. We made a point though one dozen eggs, which cost "the subscriber" one dollar!

That's the way the money goes—
Pop goes the weasel!

Richmond Correspondence.

RICHMOND, Feb. 28.

Friend Slatter:

The news and rumors afloat here now are exciting enough. Intervention by France, and revolution in the Northwest, are among the most prominent. In all probability, after another Fredericksburg or Murfreesboro, these mutterings may ripen into events which will at once bring the war to a close. With the coming of peace, the discount upon speculators will be in proportion to the premium upon the soldier. The present signs are now visibly affecting the prices of goods—Many blockade goods declining, whilst marketing of all kinds is still on the rise. Two heavy capitalists of France recently arrived, and have purchased large lots of tobacco, causing a gradual rise in that staple. Speculators will now make up, in part, their heavy losses on salt, but still the balance will be largely against them. Old Letcher ran a goodly race with the sharpers on that occasion, for which he has the thanks of the families of dead and living heroes of Fredericksburg, Manassas, and a hundred other glorious fields of this proud old Commonwealth. "Old Virginia showed Uncle Abraham & Co. a thing or two, sartin'." But the old devil is doubtless about to pass into other hands, even among his own people, where it is hoped he will meet with the fate such an inhuman fiend so richly deserves.

Your paper comes irregular, owing to the mails, but always in welcome and good time. Good bye.

C. B. R.

The scarcity of food, which in another year is likely to become most serious, is not owing to the incapacity of the South to subsist itself; for it is a fact that, in those very regions of the Confederacy which have heretofore been chiefly grain growing, the scarcity is greatest. It is owing to two facts, says the Richmond Examiner: first, that the armies of the Confederacy are continually recruited from the farming class, instead of preserving in the ranks the men already enlisted; and second, that these armies, operating as they have been chiefly in the grain producing portions of the country, have by wholesale impressments, in many cases wanton, unnecessary, and with needless rudeness and tyranny, discouraged the farmers from putting in further crops. On the latter branch of the subject it is unnecessary to remark. Congress is maturing a Bill which promises to meet the evil, if faithfully executed, and to restore large wastes of fertile land to cultivation. History is full of admonition against robbing industry of its hard earned fruits. Nothing so rapidly overspreads a country with the evidences of dilapidation and decay as these wholesale robberies of the farmer by insolent minions of Government.

Let our public men hiss the shadow of repudiation. Our subjugation would be the involuntary result of foreign violence; repudiation would be evidence of voluntary, innate want of principle. Let every southern statesman and citizen adopt the language, "I understand not the idea of repudiation!" Let us hate it worse than Yankee tyranny, for the latter would be our misfortune and the former our crime.

Alfred Shook.

We are much gratified to hear from a paroled prisoner who knows, that Alfred Shook, (son of James K. Shook, of our vicinity) who was reported among the killed at Fort Donelson, was only slightly wounded and is a prisoner in the hands of the Yankees. It will be a source of great comfort to his father, who was in the same desperate fight, and who did not know when we saw him last, whether or not his son was living.

Campbell, in his "Pleasures of Hope," uses the following language:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue."

If the zenith poet could have lived until the present epoch, and deemed it a pleasant duty on his part to have been one of the elite in the picturesque town of Winchester on yesterday, and cast one long, pensive look at the Cumberland range of mountains that stand out in bold relief to the view of the inhabitants of our delightful city in embryo, no doubt he would have instantaneously exclaimed:

"'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its snowy hue."

But, the gifted Bard is dead, consequently he was not here to indite another couplet which would have been excellent. The snow-flakes that softly fell on the range yesterday were most beautiful at the hour of 10, when the silvery rays of old Sol shined an obscure cloud out of its attempted flank movement. Such a panorama for a true poetical painter to elaborate upon! Shade of Burns, Moore, Byron and the balance of the spirits that electrified the world, we ardently desired communion yesterday with you in our humble and unpretended scintillations on the beauties of mountain scenery. *Requiescat in pace*, most rare cultivators: sleep on in thy quiet sepulchre; we dare not offer an inducement to come forth for fear the gods might crush you out on account of envy.

GEN. GIL J. PILLOW.—This gentleman addressed a large and attentive crowd at Fayetteville last Monday. We pronounce his speech a good one, much better than was anticipated on our part. Gen. Pillow, like many others in this life, has suffered on account of the malignity of Madame Gossip and General Rumor. But that amounts to nothing in many respects—Gen. Pillow has the confidence of the Government—that's enough. His effort on Monday in behalf of the Southern Confederacy and its army was highly appreciated by the real people of Lincoln county, and the result of his visit was 71 negroes as teamsters in the army, which places the same amount of soldiers in the ranks with their comrades, strengthens our army of Middle Tennessee, and buoy up the brave boys who are enduring the toils of a life of trouble and anxiety. We would be pleased to enlarge upon the merits of the General's patriotic remarks, but have not the space. We must be permitted to state that a portion of his remarks were truly touching, pathetic and eloquent, whilst his defense of Gen. Bragg's course was warmly received and endorsed by eager listeners. Gen. Pillow is in the right place, and we feel assured that old Lincoln will do her whole duty in the present crisis for Freedom and Southern Independence.

YESTERDAY was a real March day in every respect. It "blew, snow and friz," and before old Sol had sat behind the western hills for the purpose of rising again this morning, balmy breezes fanned the cheeks of maidens fair.

Impoliteness.

It is very impolite to come into a printing office, pick up a paper and commence reading aloud, greatly to the disturbance of the compositors.

It is very impolite to read the printers copy, and still worse to read what the pressman may be printing. For such a breach of manners the pressman ought to knock the offender down. But some persons suppose every thing in a printing office is for the public.

It is exceedingly impolite to leave the door open when you enter. A printing office must be kept warm! *Qui caput ille facit.*

STONEWALL JACKSON'S WAY.

Come! stack arms, men, pile on the rails,
Stir up the camp fire bright
No matter if the canteen fails
We'll make a roaring fight;
Here Shenandoah brawls along
There burly Blue Ridge echoes strong
To swell the brigade's rousing song
Of "Stonewall Jackson's way."

We see him now—the old slouched hat
Cocked o'er his eye askew—
The shrewd dry smile—the speech so pat,
So calm, so blunt, so true,
The "Blue Light Elder" knows'em well,
Says he, "that's Banks"—he's fond of shell
Lord save his soul!—we'll give him — "well
That's Stonewall Jackson's way."

Silence! ground arms! kneel all caps off!
Old Blue Light's going to pray—
Strangle the fool that dares to scoff!
Attention!—it's his way!
Appealing from his native sod
In forma pauperis to God,
Lay bare thine arm, stretch forth thy rod
"Amen!"—That's Stonewall's way.

He's in the saddle now! fall in!
Steady! the whole brigade!
Hill's at the ford, cut off, we'll win
His way out, bad and blade.
What matter if our shoes are worn?
What matter if our feet are torn
"Quick step! we'll with him before dawn!"
That's Stonewall Jackson's way.

The sun's bright lances route the mists
Of morning and by George!
Here's Longstreet struggling in the lists
Hemmed in an ugly gorge—
Pope and his Yankees, whipped before,
"Bayonet and grape!" hear Stonewall roar
"Charge Stewart! pay off Ashby's score!"
Is Stonewall Jackson's way.

Ah! maiden wait and watch and yearn
For news of Stonewall's band,
Ah! widow read with eyes that burn
That ring upon thy hand
Ah! wife sew on, pray on, hope on,
Thy life shall not be all forlorn,
The foe had better ne'er been born
That gets in Stonewall's way.

Our Boot Maker, Wash.

"Wash" Stamps so long and so well known as an artificer in the calling of crispin, died in this place a few days since. To the last his occupation—not a-h-u-n-n—was to peg soles, and though dearly sold they could not last, so with an at-tack he pegged himself out, and now no boot can keep his own soul to the upper, for boot-less were the pay-jin's of his cuss-toe-murs to show him the proper key—not Fan-kee—to con-sole-meant.

His Wash-day is past
And his soul at the last
Has gone before its Maker,
He sold work so high
"Confed" would scarce buy,
But Stamps paid the Undertaker.

"Love your enemies" says the Good Book.
We'd like to see the man, woman or child in the Confederacy who loves the green back Yankee.

In the language of Sirbad the sailor, after crossing Elk river, *veni, vidi, vici*, which means in Dutch *dat ik heb gewonnen!*

Cure for the Neuralgia.—The Alta California says some time since we published, at the request of a friend, a recipe to cure the neuralgia. Half a drachm of sal ammoniac in an ounce of camphor water, to be taken, a teaspoonful at a dose, and the dose repeated several times, at intervals of five minutes, if the pain be not relieved at once. Half a dozen different persons have since then tried the recipe, on the recommendation of the Alta, and in every case an immediate cure was effected. In one case the sufferer, a lady, had been subjected to very acute pains for more than a week, and the physician was unable to alleviate her suffering, when a teaspoonful of the solution of sal ammoniac in camphor water relieved her within a couple of minutes. Whether the recipe will cure all attacks of neuralgia, is a question which we cannot answer; that it will cure many we are well assured.